

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOL. LVIII

FEBRUARY, 1903

No. 7

The Historical Importance of the
Mohawk Valley

THE topography of America has been closely associated with its history, more, it has made the history of this country. The mountain ranges of the coast, the vast extent of forest and the water-courses reaching far inland have determined the progress of our wars, commerce and civilization. The natural highways have conducted numberless bands of immigrants to peaceful exploration and settlement and by their constant interlacing they have effected a unity of speech and spirit that would otherwise have been impossible or long delayed. In like manner physical features have directed the wars of the country, dating from the day when Braddock and his picked infantry struggled vainly against a foe protected by rock and tree. Among the forces that have thus shaped our national history no territory has been more decisive in its influence than the Mohawk Valley. First of all note the significance of its situation and environment.

Lying in the centre of New York State, it joins the Hudson Valley at its eastern end and on the west is connected with Lake Erie by short land carries, thus completing a thoroughfare of more than a thousand miles reaching from New York far on thro the Great Lakes. The head waters of the Mohawk interweave with streams that pour

into the St. Lawrence; flowing southward from the Mohawk are rivers that by connection with the Susquehanna eventually reach Chesapeake Bay; and not far from the source of the Mohawk rise still other streams that find their way to the Ohio and Great Lakes, from whence there is a direct passage to the Mississippi River and the Gulf. Thus from the hills towering above the Mohawk sweep streams that diverge in every direction and reach not less than (what are to-day) twenty separate states. At the eastern end of the valley, where the Mohawk enters the Hudson, stands Albany, the central point of the entire state. Here in the earlier times, the English met the chiefs of their Indian allies around the council-fire; from this point the traders filed westward with their knickknacks and fire-water to meet the dusky hunters on the shores of Lake Erie and return laden with valuable furs; and this was the starting-point for many an expedition bent on war and conquest. It is said that Gen. Winfield Scott, when on one occasion he stood upon a rock overlooking the town, stretched forth his arm and with kindling eye exclaimed: "Remember this has been the strategic point in all the wars waged for the control of this continent." Nor were the inhabitants unworthy proprietors of the land. Here dwelt the Iroquois, aptly styled the "Romans of the Far West." First having established their headquarters throughout the valley, they followed the water-courses that deviated to all points of the compass from the neighboring headlands, and conquering tribe after tribe became masters of all. Yet, as in the case of the Romans, their success was due not so much to their personal prowess as to their centralization; for having the Mohawk Valley with its outflowing streams as a focus, they possessed a unity which their enemies lacked, separated as they were by high mountain ranges and dense forests.

The long contest between the English and the French,

known as the Hundred Years War, gave an opportunity for the play of this warrior force and history has demonstrated that the power of the Iroquois decided the question whether the rule of this country should be Latin or Teutonic. A consideration of the results that would have followed an alliance between the FRENCH and the Iroquois proves the more indisputably how valuable was the aid of the Indians and incidentally, how important was the Mohawk Valley in this the most conclusive of the French and Indian wars. Had the Iroquois joined the French they would have swept down the valley with fire and tomahawk, destroying the settlements at Schenectady and Albany and then ravaged the low lands of the Hudson. Having thus cut the coast settlements in two, strong bands of French and Indians would have swiftly traversed the familiar pathways of the Iroquois, razed the exposed outposts of the enemy, and soon conquered the settled portion of North America. But the "*Long House*," as the valley was termed, with its formidable garrison of Mohawk warriors, proved a barrier which turned the tide of French invasion and ultimately ended the war.

Yet the allegiance of the Six Nations was not due to any kindness or advances on the part of those whom they aided, for with strange fatuity the English despised and maltreated the Indians, being unconscious or utterly regardless of the advantages accruing to themselves from such a union. The Royal Governors of New York, with the exception of Burnett and Dongon, treated them with contempt; the army officers despised their methods of warfare and lost no opportunity of insulting them; and the Duke of York so belittled their importance as actually to invite the French to send the Jesuits among them, who, instead of inculcating the spirit of Christianity, taught the Indians to fear and hate the English. Had it not been for a powerful influence from another quarter the Iroquois

must inevitably have united with the French and turned the scales of victory in their favor. The Mohawk Valley furnished this counter-current in the lives of two of its settlers.

Arendt Van Curler sailed to this country in 1630 and took his abode in the "Woesting," as the valley was then called. Learning the language of the Iroquois and meeting them at their own council-fires, he soon gained their confidence and by his tireless efforts succeeded in cementing a friendship for the English which had well-nigh been broken irrevocably. For this service a well-known historian has written of him: "The most momentous and far-reaching question ever at issue on this continent, namely, whose of the white conquerors should be the ownership of North America was settled by the peaceful and diplomatic policy of Arendt Van Curler." In after years Sir William Johnson carried on the work with equal success. Having come from Ireland to manage a large, ancestral manor in the Mohawk Valley, he erected thereon an imposing stone mansion which is standing to-day in the township of Akin. To its open doors and blazing hearths he invited his Indian neighbors: he attired himself in their dress, joined them in their games and in the chase, and even married a sister of Brant, a prominent chieftain of the Mohawks. By these means he gradually became the leader in their councils and through his statesmanship and honest dealing counteracted the baneful effects of British stupidity.

But if the Mohawk Valley was a sword which, in the hands of the English defeated their French adversaries, it was destined to prove a double-edged weapon, for it struck them a fatal blow when wielded with patriotic might in the war of the Revolution. The summer of 1777 saw a crisis in that great struggle. Washington with his starved, tattered band had barely survived the agonies of Valley Forge: Howe and his fellow officers had revelled the

nights away, pledging each other the speedy subjugation of the "rebels." Patriotism was at its lowest ebb, Congress was inefficient, funds were lacking, liberty was hardly more than a name. At this critical juncture, Parliament devised a gigantic campaign which, if successfully executed, promised to crush the rebellion. Clinton was to conduct his forces up the Hudson River, Burgoyne and his troops were to sweep down Lake Champlain, and St. Leger marching thro the Mohawk Valley was to meet the others at Albany. By these operations, New England would be cut off from the Southern Colonies, intercommunication would be effectually stopped, and from Albany as a vantage point, the combined forces might readily conquer their antagonists. The scheme was carefully planned and seemed certain of success, for each force was strong in numbers and well equipped. Burgoyne had airily remarked that with ten thousand men he could end the war and a union of these three armies, forming an aggregate of several times ten thousand, was accordingly deemed invincible.

The sole opposition to this union lay in the little strip of country connecting the Hudson and the head waters of the Mohawk — this must be the shield of American liberty. Yet among its inhabitants were many supporters of the crown: Guy and John Johnson, kin of Sir William, were especially prominent and with them hundreds of half-hearted Tories who were only awaiting an opportunity to cast in their lot with the English. Fortunate, indeed, was it that the defence of this modern Thermopylae fell upon men of fighting blood like the Hollanders, who having struggled for many years with the Aristocracy at Albany, had won the right to a fur trade with the Indians and who were staunch adherents of the patriots. With them were pioneers from the Palatinates of Germany. These hardy adventurers having been driven from home by fierce

religious wars had crossed to this country and finally settled in the valley of the Mohawk, particularly at Palatine Bridge, Herkimer and Little Falls. Accustomed to battles, brave, loyal and God-fearing, they made the best of fighters and were no less zealous than the Hollanders in their support of the American cause.

On the 1st of August Barry St. Leger appeared at the head of the valley, leading his hordes of green-coated Tories and savage Indians, and attacked Fort Stanwix which then defended the entrance. The garrison consisted of only a few hundred militia under Col. Peter Gansevoort, who, finding he could not long hold out, sent couriers throughout the valley settlements for aid. Of the events that followed mention need not be made here. . . . how brave Nicholas Herkimer, rushing with eight hundred equally brave followers, fell into an ambush at Oriskany; how one-fourth of his gallant band were slain and he himself mortally wounded; how for five long hours of hand-to-hand combat the battle was waged until the ravine ran with blood—all these facts and more are well known matters of history. The essential point is that St. Leger was defeated, the siege of Fort Stanwix was raised and the fateful union of the triumvirate was never accomplished. Nor can the moral results of the victory be over estimated. While the Tories who had been on the point of rising were discouraged, the colonies were thrilled with hope at the news—their dejection was transformed in a moment to a high-pitched enthusiasm which carried the day at Saratoga a little later and continued with ever increasing force until the last victorious charge at Yorktown.

Charles Spencer Richardson, Jr.

The New Minister

YOUNG Mr. Preigh, the new minister at the Presbyterian Church at Franklinville, was preaching his first sermon after his summer vacation of two months. It was a murky, hot September morning, and the small frame church was excessively stuffy and disagreeable. The service had scarcely started, when a gentle whispering sprang up and pervaded the church, mingling with the minister's words. A stranger would have looked for a stray cat or dog, or any of the things that cause disturbance in country churches. But no, no animals were in sight, and the children of a disturbing age were quietly sleeping on their mammas' shoulders. Yet there was undoubtedly some cause of excitement. All eyes were fixed with a suspicious steadiness of attention on Mr. Preigh, and, turning his in the same direction, a stranger could have seen what was exciting the curiosity of the congregation, and would still have remained ignorant of it.

The minister was much embarrassed; especially as he alone did not know what the trouble was, and stumbled nervously through his sermon, cutting it as short as possible.

"Did you ever see anything to beat that?" asked Miss Martha Carmichael disgustedly, turning to Mrs. Hutton, after the benediction had been pronounced.

"Never," agreed Mrs. Caldwell warmly, "and in a minister, too."

"I'm going straight home," declared Miss Martha, clutching her skirt. "I haven't a word to say to such a man."

"But more than one about him, I'll bet," said Mr. Caldwell under his breath, "What's the matter, Mary?" he asked, turning to his wife.

"The matter?" she returned, with irony, "You know

well enough what 's the matter, John Caldwell, and you need n't go trying to smooth *this* over."

"My dear, I suppose I am very obtuse, but I really can't imagine what you were talking about."

"What," exclaimed his wife, incredulously. "Did n't you notice it? How could you help noticing it? Mr. Preigh's mustache, I mean."

"Well," returned Mr. Caldwell, with the most provoking suavity, "What 's so extraordinary when a man twenty-eight years old raises a mustache in two months' time?"

"Oh, you are the most exasperating man! It is n't the mustache, but the color of it," continued Mrs. Caldwell in a significant whisper. "When a man 's hair is light brown, and he wears a dark mustache, it looks as if he had dyed it, do you see?" she added, sarcastically.

"Whew-w-w," ejaculated Caldwell, eyeing Mr. Preigh over his shoulder, "Do n't raise your voice, Mary. He might hear you, he 's down at the door shaking hands."

Plainly most of the congregation shared Mrs. Caldwell's and Miss Carmichael's suspicion as to the color of the new minister's mustache, and on that slender foundation built as hasty estimates of his fitness for his sacred office. Those who, like Miss Carmichael, were most ready to believe hypocrisy in everybody, went home at once, not having "a word to say to such a man." Others, like Mrs. Caldwell, waited to talk it over. Most of the men—except the elders and deacons, who were holding a grave consultation in whispers among themselves—when they learned from their wives what this trouble was, laughed, said "you just keep an eye on these preachers," and went out under the trees to talk.

Meanwhile Mr. Preigh, surrounded by the girls of the congregation, was shaking hands, answering questions about his health and his vacation, and secretly wondering what could have caused such a sudden coldness toward

him. The Franklinville congregation had grown tired of old Mr. Jonathan Carmichael, Miss Martha's brother, and his strict Scotch orthodoxy, and had asked him to resign in a way that had caused one of the most memorable quarrels in the history of the Franklinville Church, and had sent some fifty of the congregation — Mr. Carmichael and family included, except Miss Martha, who still attended the old church to keep up with the gossip — to join the ranks of the Methodists. Mr. Preigh had been called to fill Mr. Carmichael's place. He was a young man, new from the divinity-school and, compared with his predecessor, refreshingly modern. The ladies of the congregation had at once taken him under their wings, asked him to tea, when they fed him on fried chicken, strawberries and cream and other delicacies highly esteemed in Franklinville, secured him a place to board, and then arranged his room for him. In short, they showed him a hundred motherly attentions, sufficiently marked to indicate popularity. It is no wonder, then, that he was surprised, when, after having left Franklinville in the height of favor, he returned to find himself treated with decided coldness by all except the young ladies. They, from various reasons, failed to see the enormity of his offence and resolved to be at least polite. One even ventured to praise his sermon after the customary manner. It had been on "Charity."

The circle had almost dispersed, when Miss Martha Carmichael entered the door and began to look among the seats as if she had lost something. After a minute or two of searching, she turned toward the door again but, meeting Mr. Preigh, as if by accident, she stopped, shook hands, and then passed out. "I wanted to be sure it was dyed," she said to herself, "before I told brother all about it."

So Mr. Preigh's popularity, which had bloomed so beautifully, seemed in a fair way to be blasted in a single

day, and this merely because his mustache was a shade darker brown than his hair.

In a small country town like Franklinville such a tidbit of gossip was chewed over as a choice morsel. At the stores, at the bank, at choir-practice, at the "Ladies' Sewing Society," Mr. Preigh's mustache was discussed with varying degrees of interest. Old Mr. Carmichael, assuming his oratorical style and in the voice that always struck his wife and sister dumb with admiration, one evening set forth his opinion. Beginning in his usual cautious and guarded manner, with premises protected by a plentiful array of "ifs," he gradually warmed to his theme and abused in terms of scathing sarcasm all deceit, deceivers, hypocrisy, hypocrites, shams and shamers. When he had finished his oration, his wife and Miss Martha secretly owned to no little disappointment; Mr. Carmichael had not referred and had avoided referring to any specific individual. His ammunition had been plentiful and of excellent quality, but he had failed to concentrate his fire.

There was no lack of personality, however, at the "Ladies' Sewing Society," or at the meeting of the "Session" held to consider the grave problem. Each had, by different methods of reasoning, come to the same conclusion, viz: that "whereas, Mr. Preigh had, with intent to deceive, dyed his mustache, a fact vouched for by Miss Martha Carmichael, and whereas, the said Mr. Preigh being a minister of the gospel and having in his keeping the precious souls of this flock, and set, before the whole community, in defiance of public opinion and convention—"I never saw anything more brazen and barefaced," cut in Miss Martha, as this document was being read,—such an example of deceit and hypocrisy.

Therefore, Be it resolved by this session, that the afore-said Mr. Preigh be asked to resign this charge and a committee be appointed to wait upon him."

This resolution expressed the general sentiment of the congregation, and was to be acted upon on the following Sunday, one week after Mr. Preigh had returned from his vacation. He himself was probably the only person in all Franklinville ignorant of what was in progress. He perceived at once that something was agitating the congregation, but what it was he had been unable to discover. He might have gone to his execution as unconscious as a victim of the Inquisition, if one loyal friend—feminine, by writing—had not sent him an unsigned letter relating the whole case. He was in his room at the Jones house, when he read the astonishing news and, for once in his life, he regretted that his profession prevented him from adequately expressing his feelings. The letter assured him that he had friends who were willing to help him, and suggested a place where he could leave an answer. In the first burst of anger and disgust he resolved to present his resignation to the session that night and leave Franklinville at once.

"I never in my life saw or heard of a more suspicious and underhanded lot of people," he said angrily.

But after a few minutes, he grew calmer, and smiled a little to himself as another phase of the question struck him. He took up another letter that was lying unopened on his desk. As he read, his smile expanded into a laugh. "Well, this is luck," he said with satisfaction. Mentally thanking his anonymous correspondent, whoever she or he might be, he opened his Bible, sought a text, took pen and paper, and began composing a sermon. For three hours he remained at his desk writing rapidly. Then he read his manuscript over, made a few corrections, and said approvingly, "I guess that 'll do all right. We 'll be able to take care of ourselves."

On the Sunday appointed for the humiliation of Mr. Preigh, the little church was crowded. A few curious

spirits of the Methodist and Episcopal congregations were there to see the performance. Now that the time had come, some of the more generous felt a little remorseful that the thing was to be done in a public way. They found themselves wishing that Mr. Preigh had been quietly asked by letter to resign or had at least been given some intimation of the purpose of his congregation. It was too late now, however; they had too deeply committed themselves to retreat, and at any rate the session was of the opinion that such an open flagrant case of deception and hypocrisy should be publicly exposed and severely punished as a lesson to all the world.

As Mr. Preigh conducted the service, the most intense and expectant silence reigned. Every eye was fixed steadily upon the minister. It was as if the people, impatient for the service to be over, were resolved on close attention that the time might seem to pass faster. When he read his text "Behold how great a fire a little matter kindleth," a sensible thrill ran through the congregation. Some of them fidgeted guiltily and old Mr. Jubb, who had refused to take any part in Mr. Preigh's dismissal, nudged his daughter Sallie and whispered delightedly, "Seems like quite a coincidence, don't it? I hope he will give it to 'em."

From the expression on most of the faces, as the sermon progressed, and the speaker with a restrained and merciless scorn arraigned the little hearts that are the homes of suspicion and malice and spite, one would have thought that Mr. Preigh was "giving it to 'em." Not once did he overstep the barriers and say a thing that would have been out of place in a sermon, but there was something in his manner and behind his words that was decidedly disquieting.

After the sermon was over, the closing hymn sung and the benediction pronounced, the congregation waited for

one of the elders to call the meeting that had been decided upon. This gentleman, after a nervous "hem," was in the act of getting to his feet with a crumpled paper clutched in his hand—it was the copy of the "resolution" passed by the Session—when Mr. Preigh took a step forward and said, "Friends!" Instantly a hush of consternation fell upon the people. The shock of surprise was almost audible. Before they could recover from their astonishment he was speaking.

"Friends," he said, "several days ago I became aware of facts which you all knew, but which none of you saw fit to inform me of plainly and straightforwardly, although they deeply concerned my welfare as well as your own. You suspected"—he could hardly suppress a smile,— "that I had dyed my mustache. On a basis so slender that I can scarcely restrain my laughter when I think of it, you built a system of charges against me that, if true, might ruin my career. You resolved to dismiss me from my position publicly this morning and, but for good fortune, you would have done so and I would have had a tarnished name for life. And why? Because my hair is light"—again he smothered a smile, "and my mustache a shade darker. Now, you no doubt expect me to defend myself by making a statement in explanation,—nothing would more satisfy your malignant curiosity. But pardon me, my friends, if I must leave you in the tantalizing suspense of the man whose curiosity is unsatisfied. In closing, I will say, that I have received and accepted a call to the Northville Presbyterian Church. I leave to-night.

"Well," gasped Miss Martha Carmichael, "I 'm going right home and tell the whole affair to brother. I have n't a word to say to such a man.

"I never knew of anything to beat that in my life," declared Mrs. Caldwell.

Most of the men, except the elders and deacons, who

were again in grave consultation, merely laughed and said, "You just keep an eye on these preachers," and then went out under the trees to talk.

Raymond Sanderson Williams

A Soliloquy

Shall I "be patient and proud,
And soberly acquiesce"?
Since the great is not for me,
Shall I rest content with the less?

Deluding myself no more,
Shall I tear the veil apart
And accept my life as it is
With a humbleness down in my heart?

But loath is the spirit to bow,
To confess what it knows is true,
For man, if he see the truth,
Has he strength to live it through?

And then there is hot revolt,
And despair, revolt that is cold—
All the thousand ways of living
As old as man is old.

And last there's the final way,
Just to take one rash, wild leap
Out into the vague and the night,
(And the night was made for sleep.)

But also are dreams, we fear;
Ay, dreams, as Hamlet knew.
Some thinking and weakness, . . . a pause . . .
It is best to fight it through!

Raymond Sanderson Williams

Francis Parkman: A Study in Success

IN an incredibly short time, measured by the standard of other nations, the United States had become the political study of the modern age. It was thought that every important period of its growth had been exhausted by the searchers for the solution of this mystery. But, strange as it may seem, one of the most important of all the stages in the life of this marvel of the nations, the embryonic, had been only superficially touched upon. Here then was a golden opportunity for him who should have the sagacity to note the primal importance of the neglected period.

Francis Parkman was ever a lover of out-door life. Natural history was always his passion. When thirteen or fourteen years old, his love of nature took the form of the study of chemistry and other branches of natural science. But this was not to last long. The field was too narrow. He turned to the forest, to the wilds. He says of himself at this period, in his autobiographical letter:

"The age of fifteen or sixteen produced a revolution. A new passion seized me, which, but half gratified, still holds its force. I became enamoured of the woods, a fancy which soon gained full control over the course of the literary pursuits to which I was also addicted." It was this "becoming enamoured of the woods" that brought home to him his ideal, his purpose, his great ambition: the writing of the history of the struggle between the French and Indians against the British and Colonists.

In every phase of life the way in which we begin a course intended to lead to an ultimate end is generally the touchstone of success in that course. Before Parkman had been a year at Harvard (which he entered in 1840) his whole plan of action had been definitely mapped out before him. As is always the case with energetic men, the program called for immediate action. He at once began travelling to prepare himself for the task allotted to him.

In college he planned his course with special reference to his adopted calling. To English composition and literature he devoted the greatest part of his time. With his English work he had always, from boyhood, been most painstaking, even to the minutest details of punctuation. His ambition must, therefore, have come to him early.

Curious as it seems, throughout his whole college career he concealed from his associates his real intentions; and this in spite of the fact that he was a favorite of a large group of his classmates. Nor did he conceal his purpose by stealth and strategy only. He actually saw fit to make absolute denials of his literary intentions. Even after graduation, while he was in the Harvard Law School, he wrote to a friend regarding insinuations of this kind: "By the way, what do you mean by charging me (for the fourth time, is it?) with a design to write a novel, or an essay, or whatever it is? Allow me to tell you that though the joke may be good, it is certainly old. . . If you catch me writing anything of the sort, you might call me a 'darned fool' with great propriety as well as elegance." By 1847 he had covered in his travels about all the territory which marked the scenes of the actions whose stories he was to tell—and a few months before, he had begun his life-long struggle against the weakness of flesh. Henceforth his career was to be of silent, steadfast, patient, painstaking effort. His preparation had been completed.

Born of the best Puritan blood of the Colonies, an American of Americans, with preceding generations on both sides composed of men who had achieved success through difficulty and heroic struggle, Francis Parkman had a well established precedent and hereditary instinct to follow. This ancestry is apparent in most of his characteristics. His nature was of the stern, conservative type. Yet he was progressive to a degree; was tolerant of the views of others, and of sympathetic, compassionate sensibilities.

But the most pronounced quality of the Pilgrims which he possessed was his excessive reserve. It was the reserve which rendered possible his proficiency. Concealed within itself, his nature enriched itself and ripened into precocious maturity. As a complement of reserve came modesty. Even had the former quality permitted him to disclose himself, his modesty would have forbidden it. To crown all, he was endowed with a will which was invincible—a will which, though during most of the period of his manhood he was practically blind, enabled him to write prolifically; and which gave him an “inner vision” of the utmost accuracy.

It is this struggle which has immortalized Francis Parkman and not the mere record he leaves as a great historian, although he is the great historian of the embryonic period of the history of the United States. To the popular mind, it is the way in which he accomplished this end, rather than the end itself, that clinches the rivets which fasten his name to fame. In its first stage his sight failed him. A man, whose life-work apparently depended in large measure upon good eye-sight for its success and for which he had been painstakingly, laboriously, skilfully fitting himself, that man with eyes useless: Was all this preparation to come to nought? Would he stop for an obstacle such as this, or was it his duty to persevere to the end? The answers to such questions would measure his manhood by measuring his will-power.

Compelled to desist temporarily from one form of active work, he applied himself to horticulture. With characteristically vigorous language he himself thus describes his condition “as that of a rider whose horse runs headlong, the bit between his teeth, or of a locomotive, built of indifferent material, under a head of steam too great for its strength, hissing at a score of crevices, yet rushing on with accelerating speed to the inevitable

smash." But that smash was not destined to come, although from this time on his condition hovered around the verge of safety. But after a few years' respite, he resumed his chosen calling and worked with faithfulness to the end. The last ten years of his life were passed in greater ease from physical affliction: he was more at liberty to care for his physical ailments and to relax, slightly, from the mental tension at which he had kept himself.

In discussing such a "study in success" one would naturally endeavor first to demonstrate in what the success consisted and then how it was accomplished. Parkman's achievement is unique in that it is compounded of two elements: his ability as an historian, and the manner in which he adapted his means to that end.

The degree of his success as an historian may be measured by his strict adherence to the following standards, which he set for himself: "Faithfulness to the truth of history involves far more than a research, however patient and scrupulous, into special facts. Such facts may be detailed with the most minute exactness, and yet the narrative, as a whole, may be unmeaning or untrue. The narrator must seek to imbue himself with the life and spirit of the time. He must study events in their bearing near and remote; in the character, habits and manners of those who took part in them. *He must be, as it were, a sharer or spectator of the action he describes.*"

But of no less consequence was his mastery of circumstances that have stifled the power of most men. Almost all of his natural characteristics, of his cherished ideals and ambitions were threatened with failure and destruction.

But he did not flinch when he saw affliction approach him with awfully nodding plume. In answer to its call, he at first fought it fearlessly, and then, when he realized his impotence, he nestled in its bosom, became its child,

made it, after the child's fashion, his slave. Whatever his situation or disability, he made them an opportunity, a means to his ultimate great purpose. He compelled the obedience of circumstance to the commands of his will. And this he achieved by strict obedience to his own law: "There is a universal law of growth and achievement. The man who knows himself, understands his own powers and aptitudes, forms purposes in accord with them, and pursues these purposes steadily, is the man of success."

Oscar Harmon McPherson

On the Picture "Death Crowning Innocence."

[By George Fredrick Watts, R. A.]

Thy head is laid upon the lap of Death ;
A cradle strange !
But sweet is rest that comes when day is done,
And sweet is sleep that closes little eyes ;
Smile in thy sleep !

Thy hand is clasped within the hand of Death ;
Her touch is cold.
But of her pity she has drawn thee near,
To guard thee from all peril of the night,
Till the night pass.

Thy face is near unto the face of Death
Her brow is pale ;
But her still eyes bend over thee in love,
She watches over thee until the dawn ;
Soon comes the dawn.

Thy form is compassed by the wings of Death ;
A shadow dark.
But now they close thee in from every wind,
Folded about thee till the Father call
His children home.

George Tucker Bispham, Jr.

The Turning of the Tide

I

JACK LEE had certainly been born under a lucky star. Not that he had ever done much to deserve good luck, but somehow it seemed to follow him. At school, if there was mischief afoot, Jack was sure to be at the bottom of it. And yet, when the offenders were caught and haled before the faculty for breaking the school laws, Jack was somehow seldom of the number. As he grew to be better known, however, certain private sessions between him and the Head became of more and more common occurrence. From these ordeals Jack was supposed to emerge a sadder and a wiser boy, but it was whispered about by those whose consultations with the Head immediately followed Jack's, that the face of that august personage bore an unusually kindly expression for that of one comporting to be a strict dispenser of justice. So Jack got the nickname of "Lucky" which clung to him during all his school days and later on when he was in college.

But he had had one great piece of ill-luck. It had all happened years before. He was returning from England with his father and mother and his little sister. He remembered it all now vaguely and indistinctly. Yet a few things had impressed themselves on his boyish mind; the tooting of whistles and dipping of flags, which followed the great liner down the bay, for there was a noted personage on board, the blood-red sunset seen through the distant fog, which hung over London far astern of them; the day following in the channel, with its multitudinous shipping; the glistening chalk cliffs of Dover on the right, giving place later to the never-changing green of the English coast; then the dense fog which blotted out shore and sea before the evening fell. Finally, and when they were all

at dinner, the awful crash which brought passengers and crew to the deck.

Then had followed confusion, a horrible nightmare as he looked back upon it; the inky blackness, the cursing of men, the screams of women, such sounds as he had never heard. He was too terrified to do anything but stand and cry. By the light of a reeking lantern they were tumbling the passengers into one of the boats near him. A man rushed by and struck him in his eagerness to reach it. He was dragging the body of a woman. Jack remembered thinking she was dead. He had never seen a woman faint before. As some one flashed the lantern aloft for a second, he saw the terrified face of his sister in the boat, as they lowered it into the black gulf beneath him. She was saved, then. He remembered, one moment, trying in a blind agony to climb the rail and reach her, but a sailor jerked him back and the next, he found himself in another boat and going down into that watery whirlpool, with the row of agonized and fiendish faces, which he was never to forget, lining the rail above him. He was deaf, he could only see. For a second something darkened the light of the lantern above, the next he felt the little boat careen and two hands were gripping the gunwale, beside which he sat. He remembered the hands. There was a ring on one finger and the nails were dirty. Then the ship gave a lurch, the boat swung over and struck the iron plating of her side not full and square, but with a sickening, crunching sound. There was a scream and the two hands were gone. Jack remembered looking at his own hands to see if they were there. There was blood on them, there was blood spattered on his clothes. The rest was darkness.

II

That was all long ago. Now Jack was standing on the piazza of the hotel. With a gloomy expression he was

watching the jolly party that was embarking for a sail on the bay. They had urged him to join them, but Jack had said that he was n't feeling well. It was something new for him not to join in with whatever was going on, but Jack was not himself to-day. For almost the first time he could remember, there was a girl in the question. She had come only the day before, and he had met and danced with her that night. Now, strange to say, he had refused to go out sailing, because she was of the party. He was angry with himself and every one else. He hated to believe it, but just now, as he sat dangling his feet over the piazza railing, the recollection of those dances and a certain little talk of last evening seemed very pleasant to him. So pleasant, in fact, that his eyes almost involuntarily kept following the white sail of a little catboat already far down the bay.

"What an air of mystery she has about her," he mused. Was it the boat or something else that he meant? Just now he was looking at the boat. "That 's a joke," he said and smiled. "But I guess it's on me," he added. Then he cursed his luck and himself for being an ass.

The afternoon passed slowly and dismally enough, as that sort of an afternoon always does, when a man is in love. He found himself looking forward to the evening and, quite an unusual thing for him, he went up to dress early. To-night he took special pains with his toilet, also an unusual thing with him. He rejected several white ties which, to his diseased imagination, appeared to have a speck of dust on them and, having delivered an oration to his looking glass on the poorness of laundries in general and those of summer resorts in particular, he went down.

He was just in time to meet the returning sailing party at the door. Some of the men had been rallying the new-comer on having been so quiet and reserved during the sail. As Jack came down the stairs, he heard her answer, with a laugh:

"Oh! I 'm a little afraid of the water, you know, and then you men here are all so tiresome."

As she spoke, her glance meet Jack's for a moment, as he stood on the stairs. She had not known that he was a witness of her remark. Jack could tell this by the sudden manner in which she looked away. As the party broke up, she passed him hurriedly and, with a brief "good-evening," flew up stairs. He wondered if that remark of hers included him. Of course it did. He went in to dinner.

The music was beginning and it was his dance with her. She had asked him to sit it out, and so it happened that they were now ensconced in a corner of the moon-lit piazza. She had been telling him about the afternoon's sail and asking him why he had not come with them. But he appeared not to hear her question or indeed to notice her remarks. He was leaning forward, his hands clasped before him, gazing at her intently, trying to solve the mystery of her face. It flashed across him that he must know that expression of her's as, embarrassed by his gaze, she sat fingering the flowers at her waist. It was dreadfully rude of him, he knew, to be staring at her thus, but he did n't care. He knew the face, away back in the past he had known it. So this was love, then; a sort of predestined arrangement, in which one met a girl whom he had known before *somewhere* and whom he was fated to marry. Strange, once or twice before he had thought himself in love, and he had not experienced this feeling. But then, he persuaded himself, it was the real article this time. Suddenly he spoke:

"Do you know," he said, "I 'm sure I 've seen you before."

"Really," she answered, looking full at him now, and with the faintest little smile on her face. "I wondered if you would n't recognize me. I knew you right away. Do n't you remember a certain ocean voyage long ago?" She leaned toward him.

"It did n't end like most voyages." Jack started. She went on. She was telling him the very things that, when he was younger, used to intrude on his dreams at night and make him wake with a scream. This was not love at first sight,—it was something far better, and when she had finished,

"I think you must be my sister," he said simply.

"Did it take you so long to guess, Jack dear?" she answered, and just then the moon went under a cloud.

Charles Ames Brooks

Peace and Silence

[Suggested by a midnight reading of Homer]

Silence? talk not now of silence. Peace is something else than this;
Something other than the deadly hush that settles in the gloom;
Something deeper than the undisturbed solitary bliss
That the dead bones feel, laid down in the darkness of the tomb.

Silence? there can be no silence when the brain is all afire,
Dreaming, talking long and late with the goodly ancient men,
Thrilling to the deathless music of the old Ionian lyre
Calling back the weary sailors to their wanderings again.

Muse of Homer, I have heard thee singing, singing of the sea;
Felt my pulse beat hot as tumult followed tumult fast and free;
Felt and trembled as the pent winds burst about the trembling bark;
Heard the breakers booming loudly, softly far across the dark;
Rested in the calm that followed, when the day was near at hand,
Caught the old continuous murmur creeping on the silent land.

Such the peace that came, and left me not uncalm when o'er my bed
The spent night bent close above me, breathless, motionless and dread;
Stretched with clammy fingertips to quench the solitary ray
From my slowly dying lamp when the east was growing gray.

Silence? loneliness and anguish, pain and nothing more than this;
Falling like a baneful dew, spreading like a bitter blight;
Watching, watching with the darkness like an awful Nemesis
Leaning over one who wakes, empty-hearted, in the night.

Edward Harshberger Butler.

Winter Walks About Princeton

IT is evident even to the most unobserving that exploring pilgrimages into the "pastoral districts" of our neighborhood are confined to freshmen year. During that first fever period of your college life you were glad sometimes to experience the uncommon joy of nonconformity, to rid yourself of unneeded energy by leaving the haunts of the town for a season; but now that you are no longer a fledgling, your rambles are most often made in a Morris chair. Before the open fire, in slippered ease, occasionally you take one of these much repeated journeys, whose events are memories, and whose destination is the town of Cheerfulness.

Perhaps you begin as on that December day, when you stood below the terrace of Brown Hall, and looked down toward Potters's woods and the hills beyond them. The earth was pure and unspotted in her snow pelisse; you would almost have believed her as chaste and fresh as she appeared, had your eye not been caught by the sully of the hem of her gown—a long black wagon track stretching away in the direction of the woods. You knew her then for what she was—the *salonnière* who yearly dons for a few days her early confirmation robes—and yet you did not love her less for her worldly wisdom. You remember that you said "She, at least, can sympathize with the fractious," and, lighter in heart, set off for the woods. The sun had painted the sky behind Mercer Heights a deep red; and the lights from the line of distant houses, shining warmly across the snow, called to your mind Shakespeare's *Winter Song*,

"When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail —"

There was a niveous silence in the woods as you entered them; you hear nothing but the crunch of your boot, or may

be the cracking of an ice covered limb until you reach the brook. It was murmuring volubly enough, however, and you stood and listened to it for a moment. Beyond the brook you came upon the trail of a solitary dog, and further on in the dip there were bird tracks in the snow. When you left the woods and began to climb the hill which ends at Prospect, it was quite dark; and your brain was full of fancies,—some so odd that you would have laughed aloud but that you heard voices, and, looking up, saw slicker-clad upper-classmen trudging through the snow to their clubs. Then you knew that you were again in the midst of college life; and you were not so fractious, nor quite so "sudden in choler" as you had been an hour before.

Or, it may be, you recall the walk of that November day, out by Alexander Street, across the canal—where a couple of sober mules were dragging behind them a craft of antique shape—up the little hill, and on toward the Penn's Neck roads. "Clarksville 2m" had a very tempting look; you thought you would call at the village of the clarks. A covey of meadow larks rose with a whirr from the brown grass of the field on your left, as you walked along, and you stopped for a moment, half hoping that they would sing. But evidently it needed the spring sunshine to set their hearts atune; so the journey went forward again. Beside the road in the distance you got sight of a house, weather-stained and flimsy, which seemed to promise some adventure; for about it people were moving here and there, as if a feast day. However they proved to be but a couple of amateur hunters, whose thirst was being ministered to by two lassies and a cider jug. One of the hunters had seemingly exhausted his capacity, or the jug's, and was strolling through the apple orchard, as he whistled for his dog,—a bull terrier; the other was of greater curiosity of mind, and stood examining the cup which the elder girl held, for it was of

strange workmanship and fashioned from clay. Clarksville was more interesting for its quaint hotel than for its thrifty inhabitants, who were nowhere visible, though a few coals were glowing in the blacksmith's forge. You promised to return sometime and exploit the town more leisurely—but your college life grows old apace, you know. Lunch time was drawing appreciably near when you set your face toward the canal again, and you hastened along to Mercer Street and—the eating club.

There is another favorite walk in the days of retrospect—the one which leads you out Nassau Street toward Kingston, where the long spruce covered ridge rises beyond the valley on your left, cold and forbidding, though to be sure the valley is peaceful enough. It was a brisk afternoon of early December, and as you left the main road at the "Prep." you quickened your pace—but only for a few steps—an introspective peripatetic never walks rapidly. The stubbly brown fields and a marshy meadow cut by a ragged ditch somehow recalled light-hearted Stevenson, the romancer—it seemed a place fit for strange tales. At the end of the road a house among the evergreens played at hide and seek with you, until you set your face to the east again. And down in the hollow between the hills a farmer was filling a wagon load of barrels from the muddy brook; while far up the stream a crow seemed bent on washing away the color that brands him as a thief. At the brow of the next hill you found—oh rare treat!—an apple orchard and a vacant house. The fence was easy to scale, and the apples had that luscious autumn flavor, which the frost had made only more piquant—at least so you thought. Of course you do not remember how many you ate, nor the number with which you loaded your pockets; but it must have been of two figures, for by the time you reached the pasture, you were generous enough to present the pocket load to the cow. In front of the brick house

which you reached by turning to the right at the cross roads, a flock of sheep were feeding; then you regretted your liberality at the former pasture. The sun was setting as you came down the hill, and passed the dam at Kingston; and the way home became more and more dusky, till at length it was only a shadow dotted in the distance by the electric lights on Nassau Street. You did not even notice the bushes where in the spring you were to find the sparrows nest. When you entered the club you were whistling, and the anaemic fellow muttered something about "Such spirits," but you, in your enthusiasm, only laughed and slapped him on the shoulder.

McQueen Salley Wightman

Fragment: November Evening

At night-fall all the long-impatient clouds
Leap darkly up from out the fading west,
And, hurried eastward by the fast night wind
Through the pale ether of the winter sky,
Are cleft invisibly upon the edge
Of the young moon, whose clear thin sickle floats
Upon the western verge, where glows the star
That gems the dusk.

Samuel McCoy

Editorial

University With the first few days of a delusive Spring,
Education, the memory of recent examinations is apt to
fade into insignificance and those who have the
inclination are wont to spend the greater part
of a rather large assortment of leisure hours tossing a ball
or running about the neighboring fields in abbreviated
costume. The problem of so arranging the limited number
of absences officially allowed from recitation that as
many important practices of the baseball team as possible
may have our presence is by far the most engrossing
question of the day, and those who are wise among us
meet the difficulties with equanimity and traditional resources.
The campus takes on the general air of an out-of-doors
gymnasium; the conversation is upon athletic
interests; the activity partakes of an athletic character;
the very repose is that of men wearied by athletic exercise.

All this is a part of American university education.

"But to what end?" Your intelligent European might
well ask when one has explained the workings of the intricate
system which governs athletic arrangements. One is
constrained to thought. "To what end the increase in
armament in your continental countries?" you reply.
"National safety—and national pride," is the answer.
You have it now; that is your answer, too: "Local prestige
and local pride." You explain that Princeton is the
place where are educated the American gentry—no matter
if your terminology be more expressive than accurate—
and you relate traditions of victory which must be maintained
and define a reputation for manliness which it is
worth while to disseminate. That the annual expenditures

for the support of athletic teams would defray the cost of erecting a new dormitory every five years one is forced to admit, in such an exposition; nay, more, one is compelled to boast of it if one would justify the attitude commonly adopted by the undergraduates. Is he, then, an anomaly, this sophomore who has forgotten just what was the knowledge of latin required of him for entrance into the University but who can, notwithstanding, name you the members of the Princeton football teams for five years past? Yes; most of the students in their second year can do neither the one nor the other: their working knowledge is too often limited to the character of the membership in several of the upperclass clubs.

All this is a part of American university education.

And the concomitant Benefits

One may be impelled, therefore, to the conclusion that this much-vaunted university education, which seeks to make of those who purchase it cultured, broad-minded, well-rounded gentlemen, is at times in danger of failing of its ostensible purpose. This is not altogether incredible: that many of the men who are enrolled as "students," in this University alone, receive much of what is offered them neither as it is given nor in the spirit in which it is given, is due, perhaps, to the fact that many have not been fitted, mentally, to receive anything of which the assumption requires effort on the part of the individual. That many, also, continue in this unappreciative and unreceptive state during a greater part of their undergraduate life is not inexplicable: we have already discussed the lack of logic in the general attitude towards University activities. That a man who vehemently supports the Princeton University Football Team, not, of course, so much because it is a football team as because it is a Princeton organization, should ridicule the Princeton University Chess Team, not, forsooth, so much because it is a Princeton organization as

because it is a chess team is *reductio ad absurdum*; that a portion of the undergraduates should be justly proud of their achievements in one line or another, while the remainder boast of doing nothing at all and each class reviles the other for its peculiar attitude "is discord and rude incongruity." Eventually, men may come, individually, to look upon the various postures of the undergraduate mind with something like personal judgment based upon a real critical acumen, and then, perhaps, a growth of the faculty of forming consistent and independent opinions may be conceded to be of more real use to the University and to those who there sojourn than victory in athletics or even rapid progress in scholarship.

For, after all, may this not be considered one of the greatest achievements and one of the most significant benefits to be derived from university education? A man who judges his fellows by rote, whether the basis of judgment be insignia worn or isolated instances of (it may be) reprehensible behavior or, for that matter, the common gossip which flies from mouth to mouth—inasmuch as the conclusion is based upon a limited knowledge, whether it be limited by ignorance or intention, in so much must it be narrow and inadequate; be he who judges, freshman, senior or member of the faculty of the University.

From this, it will be readily seen that the art
Attendant upon of social intercourse, when properly pursued,
Its Possession. is not as empirical as it is apt to be regarded.

Two things, at least, are necessary, and neither is the product of insufficient thought or inconsistent reasoning. The first is a remarkably well-founded confidence in critical insight into character (properly inherent in no one and solely the result of wide experience and intelligent observation); the second, ability and willingness to differentiate the true from the false, the essential from the purely incidental. Nor are these qualifications

•

useful only in the formation of individual judgments of men. Interests, activities, recreations and employments may be tested by the same acid. There is great significance in the phrase "all things having been considered." When all things have been duly considered and carefully weighed and relegated to their proper place in the perspective of things, a judgment may be made, and a judgment so made is alone worthy of credence.

But if these things be indispensable to the perfection of university education in general, an appreciation of their importance is still more requisite in the development of undergraduate character. And if cultured, broad-minded gentlemen are to be turned out of Princeton as examples of what is there taught, the knowledge gained through a pursuit of curriculum courses must be supplemented by a catholicity of sentiment and an intelligence of judgment which can only be required by public opinion. And since public opinion is, in the best sense, the consensus of separate conclusions more or less independently reached, some sort of premium might well be placed upon the possession of well-grounded, individual judgments. It is one of the finest qualities of these Princeton men who have taken a post-graduate course in the ways of the world that, by them, such a premium is placed upon adequate character development. It has been said that the man who distinguishes himself in his undergraduate career by the sanity of his personal opinions and the consistency of his mental growth, however he may display this ability, will be properly provided for upon his graduation.

This is a proud tradition and one to be undervalued neither by the students nor the members of the faculty of the University. Say what one will, a process of judging men which is found suitable by the alumni of Princeton is apt to be an excellent one, worthy of emulation.

And this, too, we are firm to believe, is a part of American university education.

Gossip:

OF A SAINT, VALENTINE BY NAME.

Ophelia: "Good morrow to my Valentine."

—Will Shakspeare.

The postmen have come and gone with their burdens of "delicate embarrassments" of Saint Valentine's Day, and the world has settled down to its heartless struggle for existence till another such red-letter day shall have come. The Gossip was looking for some tender missive to send away and he was unable to find any that did not contain either a representation of a human heart or some reference to it.

Friend, has it ever occurred to you just why the seat of affection has been assigned by men to a place in the heart? Why should not a man not say to his Dulcinea, "I love thee with all my foot," or, "Dear one, my pancreas yearns for thee?" Or suppose that the love motif has been centered in her vermiform appendix, and that one's betrothed has been forced to undergo an operation for the removal of that same organ. Would not the swain be justified in exclaiming in frenzied accents to her upon her recovery, "Ah, appendixless wretch, thou lovest me no more?"

Good old Father Valentine, he of the bow and quiver, is among us in the flesh never again. At times one is inclined to believe that he is among us no more in the spirit. People nowadays seem too much rushed to send a valentine, and did they find time to do so they would probably place thereon a special delivery stamp. No, there no longer remains to us the glamour of by-gone days when valentines were made, not bought; when they were sent by post and not mailed. Valentine, saint that he is, would be greatly surprised and bewildered if he could appear upon this campus and understand various goings on with a true insight.

Supposing that the saint were in a jocular mood, what kind of comic valentines, think you, he would present to some folk hereabouts? Now, valentines of the comic variety usually go by opposites. Hence, to members of a certain faculty committee the jovial uncle of Cupid would give a picture of a lazy sluggard drowsily arising, stopping his alarm clock and going back to his bed, and all this at the ungodly hour of eight in the morning. To another committee perhaps it would be his whim to present a portrait of an incarnadine-nostrilled, jar stomached individual industriously engaged in lapping up what is colloquially known as "the suds." And then, the saint might go so far as to send another committee a representation of a good ear for music.

The president, mayhap, would receive a diagram of a system of tutors, whatever that may be—it's English anyway, do n't you know. Then,

too, that officer of the faculty who is familiarly known among the students as the Dean, would be the pleased recipient of perchance a portrait of a lynx, for good old Valentine is said to have loved his joke, a funny *amour propre*, truly.

Coming down to things mundane, Sporticus would have got a picture of Grinder; and Grinder, poor chap, would have received a picture of Sporticus.

Valentine and George Washington, what a pair they would have made. What perfect team work and unanimity of spirit they would together have exhibited, to be sure. Both would appear to be of crimson tendencies, however; Valentine with his store of bleeding hearts, and George inclining more toward a cherry tint. Dear me, why could not hearts have been a patriotic orange color instead of crimson—and for goodness sakes, why did not George hew down his father's favorite orange tree—but, do orange trees grow in Virginia?

No, no, George Washington is all right enough, but let us be cosmopolitan and desire Saint Valentine. Come back, old saint, come back and send a few valentines on your own account. Send one to the Gossip, if it seem good to you, but return again and bring with you that Arcadian sweetness and simplicity of living that we badly lack.

But pish? Who believes in Saint Valentine anyway? "Not I," says the cynic.

Editor's Table

The Nassau Literary Magazine's
Confidential Guide to the Best Articles in the College Magazines
of the Month.

Essays

- The Present State of the Japanese Girl—Mitsu Okada *Wellesley Magazine*
Use of Color in Magazine Illustration—Edith S. Smith
The Purgatorio—Aloysius Colligan *The Mount Holyoke*
Children Who Have Forgotten How to Play—Margaret Duryee *Holy Cross Purple*
Smith College Monthly

Stories

- The Prose of Poetry — Margaret D. Webber *Wellesley Magazine*
The Proving of Talmers— M. C. Flaherty *Holy Cross Purple*
The Passing of the Golden Age—Dorothy Firman *The Mount Holyoke*
The Hunchback — Channing R. Toy *Columbia Lit*

Verse

- Colin Allana—Langdon Warner *Harvard Monthly*
Reveille of the Valais Alps — Chauncey S. Goodrich *Yale Lit*
Goodnight — Margaret Wilson McCutchen *Smith Monthly*
For the Madness of Out-of-Doors—Fannie Stearns Davis *Smith Monthly*
The Princess— N. A. S. *Wellesley Magazine*

Sketches

- Love in a Gymkhana—Fanny Hastings *Smith Monthly*
Patsy Passes— Marjorie Hughan *The Morningside*
The Lucky Rich— Harriet Ayer *Wellesley Magazine*
A Test of Sight — Kenneth C. McIntosh *Amherst Lit*
"Such Is Life in a Crowded City"—Agnes M. O'Brien *Smith Monthly*

Good Night

- " Good night,"
The dimpled face is pursed
For bed-time's kiss,
And chubby arms are clasped 'round mother's neck
In trust's embrace.
Two sleepy eyes with childish love still bright !
" Mother, good night."
" Good night,"
The voice is sweet and trembling low
With love new-born,
And o'er the cheek the blushes come and go,—
Veiled are the eyes.
Ah, the blest moment when love first shines bright !
" Sweetheart, good night."

"Good night,"

The voice through tears can yet be strong.

On quivering lip

The smile of peace and trustfulness yet breaks,

And love supreme

In this dark hour sheds a holy light.

"Beloved, good night."

Margaret Wilson McCutchen, in *Smith College Monthly*.

Colin Allana

Oh 'tis Colin can play on the fiddle,

Yes, Colin can jig wid his bow,

When he whistles, your feet they will twiddle.

And he'd sing the chill out from the snow.

When he courted wid Billy O'Connor

An' sang like the thrush at her door,

But she wouldn't come out [on my honor],

And told him he'd have to sing more.

"Oh 'tis you that can scrape like a tanner,

And you that can whistle a chune,

But by the Saints! Colin Allana,

You'd sing the soul out from the moon."

Said Colin, "The Mass bells is ringing,

And I'll be going along,

If you'd love me for only my singing,

You'd be robbing the chune from my songs."

Langdon Warner, in the *Harvard Advocate*.

Reveille of the Valais Alps

Wake, wake,—good folk! The dawn is fleet!

The star-set sky is growing gray!—

and up the silent, cobbled street

I, Pierre the goatherd, go my way!

Come set my nimble playmates free!

I'll take them to the grassy fell

That skirts the glacier sea!

Where are Blanchette, 'Tite Tache, Estelle,

And Frita, my leader, with his bell?—

Drive out your goats to me!

Wake, wake,—good folk! The sky is bright!

The flowered slope is far away!—

Up, up we climb to where the height

O'erlooks your tiny strife and play!

Wake, sluggards, to my alp-horn's glee!—

So soon the sun to red has fanned

The white Dent du Midi!

Loose Nick and Shem, those sinners bland,

And Biche, to dance her saraband!—

Drive out your goats to me!

Chauncey S. Goodrich, in the *Yale Literary Magazine*.

Book Talk

Observations of Mr. Dooley. By F. P. Dunne. New York: R. H. Russell. \$1.50.

There are to-day three sages in this country, George Ade, Fra Elbertus and Mr. Dooley, whom very few even pretend to take seriously, yet whose philosophy is oftentimes worth pondering on. The last-named (your pardon, O Master of the Roycrofters!) of this ill-matched and ill-assorted trio has in particular concealed under a veil of homely Irish monologue a wealth of good hard common-sense. And common-sense, if the words of the wise be true, is most uncommon, and hence like gold and precious stones, should be treasured. Perhaps, by the way, the "gentle reader" or the "simple student" will protest at the term "monologue" as applied to this volume of Mr. Dooley's observations. Well, "me friend Hinnessy" might lay claim to taking part in a dialogue—but he is, after all, simply the spigot which turns on the mead of wisdom in "Ar-rchey Road"—and so we let him bow and step aside. Mr. Dooley, like good wine, improves with old age, and there are few, if any, disappointing chapters in the latest "Dooley Book." This bartender whom Mr. Dunne has made famous, has his enduring and endearing qualities, chief among which is his absolute simplicity. Mr. Dooley's head appears not to have been turned a particle, even since the public have begun to even sing his praises and we cannot help becoming attached to the open-hearted Irishman as he sits behind his bar on a hot summer's day "in me shirt sleeves, with twelve inches iv malt in th' hook iv me thumb" dispensing knowledge to Hennessy. In a book so replete with clearness it is almost impossible to select any especial example of "Dooleyisms," but here is how our esteemed friend would discover the North Pole:

"I'd pathronize home indushtries. Th' Pole f'r th' polars, says I . . . with them t'woud be like ye goin' down to explore th' stock yards. . . . Ye'd prob'ly find they 've hung their washin' on it f'r years an' manny iv th' kids has shinned up it."

"Who 'd ye sind?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Esqueemos" said Mr. Dooley.

And, finally, thus he delivers himself upon "Woman's Rights":

"Woman's Rights? What does a woman want iv rights whin she has priv'leges? . . . They have n't th' right to vote, but they have th' priv'lege iv conthrollin' th' man ye ilit. They have n't th' right to make laws, but they have th' priv'lege iv breakin thim, which is much betther. They have n't th' right iv a fair thrile be a jury iv their peers; but they have th' priv'lege iv a unfair thrile be a jury iv their admirin' infeeryors. If I cud fly d'ye think I 'd want to walk?" W. F. S.

Heroines of Poetry. By Constance Elizabeth Maud. Illustrated by Henry Ospovat. New York and London: John Lane.

This book seems to be on the same style as several which have appeared lately. It is a children's version, in prose, of some famous poems. The idea is old and found its best application in the Lambs' famous Tales from Shakespeare, but in this volume, in striving for simplicity, Miss Maud has made the work appear labored. In order to make the heroines the chief objects of interest, she has subordinated all the other characters and the events in which the heroine does not take a leading part. The treatment of Tennyson's Princess may serve as an example for all. In this story Miss Maud makes no mention of the fact that the Prince is troubled by visions, nor does she give any attention to the manner in which the story comes to be told. The other heroines are: Morris's Maid of the Swan-skin, Tennyson's Elaine, Browning's Duchess, Matthew Arnold's Tamineh, Edwin Arnold's Savitri, Christina Rossetti's The Good Sister, Longfellow's Elsa and Minnehaha, and Keats's Lamia.

The reason for the bringing forth of these books seems to be a belief that in this way children will become early familiar with the best authors of all times and nations. Aside from this the books have no value to literature. A mature person would certainly have a better idea of the poem and of the personality and style of the author after reading the original. The great charm of poetry lies, not so much in the idea or plot as in the way in which the idea is expressed. In a prose version one loses all of the effect of the carefully chosen words, of the rhythm of the flowing meter.

Miss Maud herself seems to feel that it is impossible to express some of the finest passages in prose and so interlards the work with quotations from the original. These only serve to heighten the contrast between the prose and the poetry and give the reader a glimpse of what awaits him in the poem itself. The book is well gotten up, with illustrations on the Howard Pyle style by Henry Ospovat, but we might suggest that for children's use, the type is rather small.

S. M. 1906.

Miss Muffet's Christmas Party. By Samuel McChord Crothers, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. \$1.00.

This is a child's garden of memories of fairy-tales; its author is a Princeton man of the class of '74. He dedicates the little book "To Margery, because, among other things, we love the same people," and of one thing we are very sure; that if this little girl (as we may suppose her to be) loves fairy-stories and the people who tell them, she is the most fortunate of all children. For the man who tells the story of Miss

Muffet's Christmas Party is evidently personally acquainted with every one of the people of fairy-land and story-book whom we love. Like the nonsensical mathematician who told the immortal story of Alice, and thereby glorified all mathematicians—like the tall college youth who told the wondrous tales at Tanglewood—like the Grimm brothers who told merry tales—like all who love children, the author must be one whom the children love, and, for our part, we know of no sweeter fame.

S. M.

The Lost Art of Reading. By Gerald Stanley Lee. New York: G. P. Putnam's Son's.

Mr. Lee's latest book is a protest against the civilization of the present time, which is so often satisfied with a knowledge of the outward form of things, but cares little for their inward significance. He advocates the spirit which moved Abraham to look up to the stars for an interpretation of life, rather than that of the modern man, who, he says, reads everything, but understands little beyond the mere surface of the book. This is a protest which every thinker has felt arise in himself again and again; Mr. Lee's service has been the voicing it. And in his voicing, we are reminded again and again of Carlyle, though the author is too good natured to sustain long the "thunder tone." Mr. Lee calls the modern mind a "logicstitching machine," and this admirably describes what his book is not,—we are often at a loss to understand the inter-relation of parts. This makes it a book not to be taken up and read at a sitting, but one to be opened now and then, when we feel like reflecting and pondering.

M. S. W.

A Nonsense Anthology. By Carolyn Wells. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

To the serious minded man nonsense is always acceptable. It does so relieve the strain of being and of looking wise. But there are all kinds of nonsense. There is nonsense prose—and that anyone can write; and there is nonsense verse—and *that* only a very elect few know anything about. For there is some sense in good nonsense after all. At the present time the magazines are being flooded with imitations of Col. D. Streamer's pathetic lyrics concerning Bobby and Mary and Nurse and Aunt Eliza. We are tempted to quote the latter from "A Nonsense Anthology" collected by by Miss Carolyn Wells.

"In the drinking well
That the plumber built here,
Aunt Eliza fell.
We must buy a filter."

It was all very well for Colonel Streamer to do it because he did it well, but it is all very wrong for every one to write wildly about Willy, fishing for breakfast food in the kitchen range fell in and was burned real good now was n't that quite strange? and such rot.

Had one the space to quote copiously, one would reprint entire from the book. Miss Wells has opened up a field hitherto unexplored and we extend to her a meed of praise. It is an anthology in every sense of the word, a fair representation of all kinds of fun and fancies.

Among the best examples of nonsense verse, not forgetting Lewis Carroll's immortal "Jabberwocky" which begins the book, is W. S. Gilbert's "Gentle Alice Brown" and the ever familiar verses of Guy Wetmore Carryl, Gelett Burgess, Col. D. Streamer, Oliver Herford, Edward Lear, some *vers nonsensique* of George DuMaurier and even a bit of nonsense from the heavy pen of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

We are glad to see that there has been included that verse by Artemus Ward which is undoubtedly the first real American effort in that direction. It runs as follows:—

" Uncle Simon he
Clum up a tree
To see what he could see;
When presentlee
Uncle Jim
Clum up beside of him
And squatted down by he."

The only fault that can be found with the collection is that Miss Wells has omitted some of her own verses.

R. B. M.

Richard Gordon. By Alexander Black. Boston: Lothrop & Company \$1.50.

It is an evidence of the psychological trend of the minds of the American reading public to-day that problem studies as exemplified by the novels of Henry James and the plays of M. Maeterlinck are rapidly increasing in number, and are achieving for themselves an ever-widening circle of appreciative patronage. Such a problem novel is this latest work from the pen of Mr. Alexander Black, with whom we are already somewhat acquainted through his "Miss Jerry" and "The Girl and the Guardsman." The plot of the story, which is laid in the heart of cosmopolitan New York, presents a curious commixture of dissimilar elements, among them being politics, society life, love, philosophy and war. And first here we believe, lies the most glaring defect in the author's handiwork—that all these heterogeneous strands of matter are not united by one strong, synthetical filament that should unify and clarify the whole. Our interest cannot follow unswervingly the course of a plot, diverted every now and then by whole chapters devoted to political tirades and abstract philosophy that remind us of George Eliot's intrusive moraliz-

ing, at its worst. In these days we no longer demand the absurdly fascinating books that make huge inroads on our sleep at night because of our inability to put them by unfinished; but we do require that the interest be sustained throughout, and that everything shall contribute in a direct or indirect way to the elucidation of the plot.

The principal characters in the story are Richard Gordon, a young lawyer graduated from Princeton in the class of '91—sane, well poised and manly to a degree, and Julia Darwood, a talented and impressionable Smith graduate—intensely interested in life and keenly alive to all the new thought and learning of the time. The love of these two, who are drawn together by her father's death which made necessary Richard's efforts to solve the bewildering entanglement in which the estate was left—dimly perceived at first, becomes more and more accentuated, with the forward movement of the action. When Richard eventually proposes, to his utter incredulity Julia sadly but firmly refuses him, not even consoling him with any satisfactory reason. For months engulfed in the throes of a bitter cynicism that eats into his very soul, he then receives a further shock in the death of his sister under most distressing circumstances. Bereft of hope with the mental picture of the one he loves ever haunting his memory, he goes to the Spanish war, to come back in a few months wounded, and resolute in the determination to try his fate once more. This time Julia cannot restrain her burning love, but confesses that the self-imposed barrier had been a gross violation of social traditions which she had committed in her youth, by owning which she was unwilling to risk the loss of his love. By the close of her noble confession, "the exultant passion of his love was triumphant," and the story closes in the customary way.

We should like to speak at length of the author's fresh and graphic descriptions, his lucid character delineations, and the one brief battle scene worthy of a Stephen Crane, but we must leave the reader to discover them for himself. Altogether, while without doubt ephemeral, and destined to secure no lasting place in literature, Mr. Black has produced a strong up-to-date novel, well deserving more than a passing vogue.

H. A. W.

The Little White Bird. J. M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

The writer remembers reading some years ago Mr. Barrie's story of "The Inconsiderate Waiter." It was a story of such excellence that he was loath to come to the last page, but delayed and dawdled and put off the end till it could be put off no longer, and even then re-read the especially felicitous bits. Imagine, then, the delight of finding a novel largely made up of the subtle humor, the charm, and the genuine senti-

ment of "The Inconsiderate Waiter." The plot of the novel is of the slightest: a retired officer whimsical but kindly, becomes interested in the love affairs of a little nursery-governess and a painter, which he observes from the windows of his club. He effects a reconciliation when the surface of this engagement is ruffled, falls in love with the boy that is born to the couple, and writes the book as the boy grows out of childhood and begins to drift away from him. The title is very significant: all babies are originally birds, which Solomon Caw sends over from the Birds's Island in Kensington Gardens, London: the little white birds are those which might have been children but are not. And this is the pathos of the story,—Timothy, the son of the old officer, is a little white bird; and the tale of "her" who might have been Timothy's mother is matchless. It is a delicate web for the fabric of a novel to be woven upon, and only a writer in English could have used it. And even Mr. Barrie has not been faultless long. But this seems only to have been an error in judgment, in inserting in the middle of the story several chapters, which, though exquisite and charmingly fanciful in themselves, transfer our interest from David to several others, so that at times it is nearly dissipated altogether. But the chapter "William Paterson" is a far more serious defect. The great charm of an idealized story is that, while always bordering on the impossible, it never verges so far as to shake our credence; but when Mr. Barrie deliberately intimates that the Colouel's dog was turned into a man, with whom he consorted in the flesh, and then back into a dog again, and all with the utmost seriousness, it is a bit too much for even a story imagination; we would cast

COLLEGE

Gowns Hoods Caps

Academic Costumes of every description.
Very low prices for class outfits.

COX SONS & VINING

264 Fourth Avenue (Near 21st St.) New York

Philadelphia Branch—Church House, 12th and Walnut Streets

the book aside in disgust were it not that the rest of the story is sane. We have no further use for the dog, however, though he has been a favorite before this metamorphosis into uncanny, repugnant William Paterson. But if this chapter is out of place, and "Joey" somewhat incomprehensible, the rest of the book is so touched with a sweet delicacy, so true in sentiment, so sane and sincere, that we lay aside a friend when we close *The Little White Bird*.

M. S. W.

The Lady of the Barge. W. W. Jacobs. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.25.

It is not a particularly easy task to write short stories, sufficiently humorous in nature, to be considered exceptionally clever, nor is it a sinecure to produce tales which are in themselves miniature tragedies. And yet Mr. W. W. Jacobs has given us both these types in the collection of short stories published under the title of "*The Lady of the Barge*."

Mr. Jacobs has acquired fame as a humorist and is known to all of us

Hughes & Muller

1035-1037 Chestnut Street

Leading Tailors

Of Philadelphia

Dress and Sporting Clothes of Every Description

Our styles and goods are exclusive and personally
selected in London

largely through the medium of the Straud Magazine, which has long been the vehicle for his genius. There is ever something refreshing and wholesome about the English author's work, and we never tire of the bland, good-natured humor of his stories. In "The Lady of the Barge," he has ably demonstrated his versatility. Seven of the twelve stories are humorous sketches, and the remainder are serious in nature, three of them being tinged with the darkest tragedy.

"The Monkey's Paw" is calculated to give thrills and tremors to the most indifferent reader. It is a semi-superstitious tale, written very much in the vein employed by Edgar Allan Poe in his weird master-pieces and shows splendid originality as well as virile force of expression. "An Adulteration Act" is the rollicking yarn of two "shanghaied" English professional men, and in "Captain Rogers" is briskly told the story of a reformed pirate.

The book is published in attractive form, and is illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

L. M. L.

Up-to-date college styles, in cut, our specialty

Henry T. Anderson & Co.

MERCHANT TAILORS

116 So. Fifteenth St. (*One block from Broad St. Station*)

PHILADELPHIA

Our representative, Mr. Golze, at Univ. Hall, every month

Our Stock of Rich and Exclusive Novelties Unsurpassed